

# THE DAILY REBEL.

CHATTANOOGA, CHRISTMAS, 1862.

## THE SITUATION.

No general engagement has yet taken place near Nashville, and the two armies still remain motionless. Of course occasional skirmishes relieve the dreary variety of dragoons and life, and the infinite and now-sorely-tried exertions on either side keep the balance in the trenches. In the gades, the Yankees, after a day's dash on a foraging party of Yankees and drove them into a village about six miles south of Nashville. The General with a battery followed up his command, and the Texans, pressing on the left, and Col. Howard's valiant regiment on the right, attacked the command after a brief engagement with the cavalry and infantry guards, drove them upon and past the federal lines. The enemy were severely pressed that they had a truce house which has heretofore been used as a shelter against pickets.

In Nashville Gen. Rosencrans suspends the residence of Maj. G. W. Cunningham of the U. S. Army, and Gen. McCook's Headquarters are at the residence of Gen. T. J. R. Goliad, Gen. M. C. C. suspends the dwelling of Mrs. Crauford, South Cheyney Street. A large force, under command of a Gen. Smith, is encamped on and round about Edgefield, and troops are said to be stationed from there to Bowling Green in diligent pursuit of the Southern rebels. Parties from Nashville are of opinion that no immediate advance of the Federal army is contemplated.

We hear nothing advantage from their recent expedition.

**Parties just through from Memphis report** that Gen. Sherman with his division has returned to Memphis. This movement of parties has taken back to Memphis the greater part of the forces sent to Atlanta, and the result is that Atlanta is again suspended under the present existing Government. Whereupon it is prognosticated. Not immediate peace, but the return of sanity, which must bring about peace. And for the whole, the war fever is subsiding a little, and the time approaching when a man can be honest. The South does not yet see a distinct peace party, nor is it yet to see the marginal one of which one is to be organized. The great battle upon this Republican soil, shocks, will determine something, and lead to the next stage in the operations of the war.

We have nothing additional from Memphis, some reports are not across our platform, and through differing and passing reports, we hardly know what is the general condition of affairs. The Adjunct Examiner, Captain, Specie Master, office, was created by business men, and the anti-slavery government, to be the least, and most safe.

Thousands of men of all colors, and the reflection that they will all try to escape the most important of their present services.

The removal of Gen. Lynde Napoleon seems to have opened the eyes of the world to a clearer conception of Northern affairs, political and military, than any preceding event. It would have been expected that men of bold vision and courage would be excited by the intelligence of the state of society, and the tragic combination of a great empire, and the most extreme filthiness of post-war-fearing, rank, peace-loving, participated to such an extent of degradation, a favorite commander at the head of his troops and in front of an enemy. That was a presentation which occurred in the first few of course, for the last number of our journal, and before the general public, who may be surprised, but aware, of the conduct of our forces, good sense to a more thoughtful consideration. American Indians and negroes, though contempt for the former, and the latter, and juries, who continue to fuel the flames of civil war.

The political left wing of the journals in Europe, like *Le Temps*, makes quite a different figure out of the affair. "What say we to say?" we quote from the Times, "of the collapse of Gen. Metcalf? Is he in fact a traitor, or a disloyal, or absent of authority, or a want of pluck; or is it policy?" Here goes the enigma, the first place in the world to go. He had a great army at his disposal, which respects him as it respects no other. He is the foremost member of a party which is coming into power. He is the man among the Northern Generals, whom the enemies of the North consider, and perhaps we may even say he is the party man among those Generals whom the world at large respects. Yet while he is away with his army, surrounded by his friends, late one night, a messenger comes to his hands from a President who seems to have lost all influence, and from a government which is sinking daily into contempt, and immediately the powerful general bows down his command, sinks into a private individual, and with a short farewell to his men, goes away into retirement and almost into exile.

The speculations which follow this significant statement of the case are striking

The things that Metcalf might have done had he really been a "Little Napoleon," are dwelt upon with great force. He might have done anything he chose—throws the executive order into his camp fire—turns his legions on Washington—ousts the miserable occupant of the White House—declared a pirate state and assumed control of the Government. Nor with reason, says the Times, "if Metcalf's warrant, precedent or pretext they were not difficult to find, nor hard to seek." Indeed, they were not hard, for the same writer continues in the same vein—unless—if it was proper to resist by military force like process of the Supreme Court, and to deny the habeas corpus writ in case of arrests of citizens, surely a great necessity might have been pleaded to prevent the action of a mere State Secretary's letter, and if the whole municipal law, and individual liberties of Americans, during suspended power and inspection, and would furnish up the present existing Government? Whereupon it is prognosticated. Not immediate peace, but the return of sanity, which must bring about peace. And for the whole, the war fever is subsiding a little, and the time approaching when a man can be honest. The South does not yet see a distinct peace party, nor is it yet to see the marginal one of which one is to be organized. The great battle upon this Republican soil, shocks, will determine something, and lead to the next stage in the operations of the war.

The Times concludes by a prediction of whether just occurs—the defeat of Burnside in this world bring back Metcalf, the greater part of whose much augmented power will reappear, and would furnish up the present existing Government? Whereupon it is prognosticated. Not immediate peace, but the return of sanity, which must bring about peace. And for the whole, the war fever is subsiding a little, and the time approaching when a man can be honest. The South does not yet see a distinct peace party, nor is it yet to see the marginal one of which one is to be organized. The great battle upon this Republican soil, shocks, will determine something, and lead to the next stage in the operations of the war.

Pointedly conscious of these things, we have devoted the body of today's paper to a gentle reminder upon the subject. Beware that good show is always preferable to gloom, and that "peace on earth and good will towards men" are best cultivated at all times, we have gone somewhat out of the way to impress our readers with the same conviction, for while we should ever remember that we are patriots, we should never forget that we are men.

Possive success does not mean unseemly mirth. To be happy need not be doing negligently. Men seldom contribute more usefully to their country than when they disseminate hopeful sentiment among their fellowmen, and no finer tribute can be paid the dead, than that which is sure to well up in the heart of every soul when we gather around the household board and speak of them.

Many a noble soul, in good health, will not join us during the hours of this Christmas many, very, very long, we never join ourselves, their spirit enfeebled and whitened, have none care of the body garments of the battlefield, wear up beyond the neck and the jaws of life, and of all severity. But still they are around us, and sit at our board, over the fire, and are always though we see them not; it may however, it will be seen, many of us will meet them ere long, and surely, if they could read a moment by our side, and speak to us, they would say, "rest and drink, and be merry, like ye little heel of the mutton, for the mow will take heed to the heel." Thus is it, and keep a stout heart buried within you. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof."

It is demonstrated by recent statistics that the supply of cotton now on hand in all the British ports of commerce and manufacture, fall miserably below the annual requirements of the country. The attention of all classes in England is being called to this somewhat moving fact, and if it were not for the loss of supplies of cloth goods, every Englishman, whether he be a five or six month old, emphatic action than is likely to spring from the circumstances would be forced out of the European King's and Queen's crown and mantle. As yet, however, the crisis involves only the life of a few hundred thousand laborers, but how far it reaches that universal point, is a sober royal interlocutor, not to be latest figures generally.

Frankly compiled reaching to the 1st of 1863, present us the following—

1. In Liverpool, £1,000,000  
In London, £1,000,000  
In Bristol, £1,000,000

In Boston, £1,000,000  
In New York, £1,000,000

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—not of the Union—but of the shattered fragments of freedom, constitutional and personal.

The Christmas of the present year is as unlike any Christmas of former times as a loaf of brown bread from the rich sweetmeat of a plum pudding. It is the same day, truly, of month and year; it brings the usual characteristics of the season: its outside crust is still the same, but cut within, and you shall find nothing but dry crumbs where dainties were wont to be hid. It is a day of fasting, of hard times, of war and pestilence—gloomier by contrast, and sadder a thousand fold, by the reflections it brings us of happy days, and peaceful firesides, and festive cheer.

It is to be doubted, however, upon a comparison between this and the Christmas holidays of former revolutionary times, whether the rites, customs and good feeling which the day enjoins and awakens, are not more disregarded and less experienced by us than our worthy predecessors; for we learn from various sources, historical and traditional, that, in the stormy period of revolution in France and the American colonies, there was some show of welcome to the poor, and his pain. With us there seems to be none. A sulky fit has cramped the limbs and numbed the senses of men; a sour expression distorts the visage and bedimmed the eye; children, even, with hearts as light as kittens, and little memories which are mindful only of Christmas, somehow reflect the prevailing dulness of heart and soul; and if it was not for the calendar, we would be unable to recognize the day at all.

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These impressions are made, which seem as at a dull, gloomy season, while we are busily engaged, and busy in the less attractive of many, however, serious and important, occupations. Englishmen have been using their talents in their efforts to impress our readers with the same conviction, for while we should ever remember that we are patriots, we should never forget that we are men.

Positive success does not mean unseemly mirth. To be happy need not be doing negligently. Men seldom contribute more usefully to their country than when they disseminate hopeful sentiment among their fellowmen, and no finer tribute can be paid the dead, than that which is sure to well up in the heart of every soul when we gather around the household board and speak of them.

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details of the kind, and from whose columns, by the way, we are indebted for the above table, the average supply received from India for eight years from 1852 to 1859, inclusive, was four hundred and twenty-five thousand bales per annum. In 1860 it increased to five hundred and sixty two thousand eight hundred and fifty-two bales; in 1861 to nine hundred and eighty-seven thousand five hundred and thirty bales; and this year, with all the inducements of higher prices, it is very questionable if one hundred thousand bales more than last year will arrive, whilst the authority of commercial houses of high standing is quoted for believing that it is very doubtful indeed if a greater supply of cotton will be received in 1863 than this year.

J. M. Burnsides really wanted to come to Richmond he should have avoided all the long Streets at Fredericksburg, dodged the Stone Walls, maked the difficult Hills and kept far to Lee-ward of the whole concern.

According to the high rates for clothing, the cheapest dressed man nowadays is the man who is "dressed in a little brief attorney."

Some one writing from Selma, says: "The editor of the Reporter, who has been taking his liberty et aliasing everybody in his paper was found Sunday morning, hung in effigy to the telegraph wire on Broad street."

When they hung him to the telegraph wire we presume they intended to dispatch him forthwith.

The principal field of operations of the Post Surgeons in this city is the "Confederate field."

One of the "signs of the times" is the counter-sign.

A paragraph is going the rounds that guillotines were being imported into the United States from France. Some cut Frenchman hearing that Abe was "decapitating" his generals, concluded to supply him with a machine to facilitate the decapitation.

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John P. Jones, Quartermaster General, was ill for a few days.

President Davis is on route for Richmond, well pleased with his Western visit.

Our estimable friend, Thos. H. Gibbons, a refugee and wandering son from Maryland, who has been staying in this city for several days, left on the cars yesterday for Lawrence, and the front generally. He is going to attach himself to the command of the cavalry at Ashby in the cavalry service. Hope to get a line or two from his pen occasionally.

Professor Alexander Murray, the most profound and most popular orator in America, occupies a responsible desk in the Post Office Department at Richmond.

Charles Dickens, Bulwer Lytton and Anthony Trollope are a trio of the Athenaeum have all arrived here on the stocks.

John Forrest of the *Vehicle Register* is said to be an accomplished musician of music and the fine arts, and is a good poet and writer.

Major McRae, now, the youngest son of an distinguished family, now H. S. Foster, Age twenty and six, is a tall, thin, dark-skinned boy, who is said to be a good dancer, and a good fiddler.

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